
Title: House of the Oak

Author:

During a period of anarchy in Britannia's history, the orcs living in the mountains south of what is now Yew began ranging north in large numbers. The people of the countryside were terrified and scattered, soon forced into small holdfasts and palisades for their own defense. In one such village, the people believed that they would fall as well, and they feared for the fate of the north. Then, one night, an old man dressed in a ragged traveling robe placed an oak acorn at the town center and prophesized that as long as the tree stood so would the village. The citizens were much heartened by this, placing guards around the sapling, which grew rapidly, and druids tended to its every need. Indeed, the old man seemed to be right. The village militia made great gains against the hordes, driving them back to their foul lairs. On a dark night, however, the unthinkable happened. A small band of the beasts slipped through, slew one of the defenders who raised the alarm, and set fire to the tree. Although the orcs were killed, the citizens were afraid and the armies soon lost heart. The old man appeared again and told

the town that the tree
was in no way magical,
only a symbol of the
people who stood like an
oak in a storm, unbowed,
unbent, and unbroken.
They were the true oaks.
In memory of this, a new
noble House was formed
around the son of the
slain defender, a strong
young man named Keir.
Thus the House of the
Oak came to be.